

Fig. Poetry vol 75.  
F A I T H:

A

V I S I O N.

---

*Ficta Voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.* HOR.

---

By CHARLES PHILPOT, M.A.

OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

---

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For J. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; T. CADELL, in the Strand, B. WHITE & Son, in Fleetstreet,  
G. & T. WILKIE, and J. EVANS, in Paternoster Row, London.

MDCCXC.



A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,  
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

**I** Give my Kissingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate so that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

**W**E, the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1790, to CHARLES PHILPOT, M. A. for his Poem on FAITH; and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 16,  
1790.

W. Pearce, Vice-Chancellor.  
J. Torkington, Master of Clare Hall.





---

---

# F A I T H:

A

## V I S I O N.

---

I.

“ **A** H hapless Mortals! doom'd to wind the vale  
Of Human pilgrimage, with lab'ring feet,  
On as ye toil, what varying Ills assail,  
What Terrors throng around! what Dangers meet!  
The Hour that calls to birth awakes to pain.  
Yon fair expanse as clouds incessant sweep,  
Successive cares th' afflicted soul constrain;  
As waves impelling waves deform the Deep,  
So with the circling Years our woes increase,  
And in the silent Grave we rest alone in peace.

A

“ Hope



## II.

“ Hope not to bask in Pleasure’s genial ray,  
Nor catch the mild gleam of Contentment bright:  
Fear, Grief, and Pain shall rule Life’s transient day,  
Wrap in rude Storms, and close in earliest night.”  
Such was the strain, that to the closing eve  
The partial voice of plaintive sorrow sung,  
Touch’d by Life’s passing prospects which deceive  
Man’s weak and dazzled gaze, but most the Young.  
On musing silence follow’d deep repose,  
’Twas Fancy’s magic hour, and mystic fights arose.

## III.

Sudden to view sprung Life’s extended plain  
But far beyond the grasp of mortal eye,  
Stretch’d the smooth level of the new domain;  
A gentle radiance lit the Eastern sky:  
Amid fresh op’ning Scenes, where’er I stray,  
Myriads of human Beings pass’d along  
By common impulse borne one common way  
Ranks, Ages, Sexes, mingled in the Throng,  
Thick as the insect tribes that Summer pours,  
Thick as the countless sands that strew the founding Shores.  
Forwards



## IV.

Forwards with vig'rous zeal I cheerly prefs'd,  
This undiscover'd Country to explore;  
Fair smil'd each rising Prospect, but possest,  
The brightest blaze of Beauty charm'd no more.  
At ev'ry step, I mourn'd companions lost,  
Their place, their trust exhaustless crowds supply,  
The Paths of Life by Destiny were crost,  
The fleeting Hour saw millions live and die,  
Existence here extend her smiling sway,  
There Fate wide-wasting reign, and Havock and Dismay.

## V.

With mingled joy and grief I long survey'd,  
The strange vicissitudes of human Life,  
In conflict blend, like struggling Light and Shade,  
Or April Suns and Show'rs, in vernal strife.  
Some *real* Pleasures cheer'd this busy scene;  
A thousand *false*, with borrow'd hues and charms,  
With voice of Siren, and with Angel mien,  
To splendid Ruin spread their fatal Arms.  
Tumultuous Joys were there, with Sport and Shout,  
And Bacchus' festive crew, and Revelry and Rout.



## VI.

But most the Sounds of Anguish struck my ear,  
Full as they flow'd from ev'ry suff'ring age,  
The sigh of Sorrow, and the throb of Fear,  
Despair's fell cry, the burst of maniac Rage,  
And oft, to rouse and agonize the breast,  
Funereal screams, and dying yells dismay'd.  
I look'd around, nor Dangers instant press'd,  
Nor Vengeance there th' uplifted arm display'd,  
Man, *erring* Man, with microscopic eyes  
Had trac'd each rising woe and swell'd to giant size.

## VII.

Perverse! from Life's imparted Lot to seize,  
Artificer of Ill, the deadlier part,  
Shrink from the proffer'd boon of precious ease,  
And give to agony the trembling heart! —  
Hence to thy cost what hostile throngs arose!  
Regret, Doubt, Error, Fear's distemper'd brood  
Leagu'd with condensing Hosts of cares and woes  
Wide o'er the Plain their conqu'ring course pursu'd.  
Loudly they storm'd, and Reason's voice was vain  
To calm th' indignant swell, and rebel rage restrain.

Mix'd



## VIII.

Mix'd with the Throng, amid the gen'ral cry,  
'Twas long my boast to turn a deafen'd ear,  
View the contagious fight without a sigh,  
And hold, where Duty led, my fix'd career. —  
Yet all too prompt to wake at Pity's strain,  
Th' unbidden Tears at last began to flow,  
And still as Fancy trac'd the suff'rer's pain  
I quite forgot his Errors in his Woe, —  
Along my tingling veins th' Infection ran,  
My struggling bosom heav'd; Man sympathiz'd with Man.

## IX.

At that dread moment, in the changing sky  
Thick mantling clouds in sudden eddies roll,  
The Tempest rages, glancing Light'nings fly,  
And bursting Thunders roar from Pole to Pole.  
Contending Elements repos'd at last;  
And radiant in the skies a Vision shew'd,  
Along the smooth aërial track it pass'd,  
As on a golden skirted cloud it rode,  
Descending slow 'till ev'ry eye cou'd trace  
The matchless form Divine, and more than human Grace.  
Pure



## X.

Pure snowy Vests inwrap'd with graceful ease  
 Her Heav'nly Figure, loose, not wildly flow'd  
 Th' ambrosial Locks \*, disporting with the breeze.  
 The Di'mond's blaze upon her bosom glow'd,  
 Shap'd in an Anchor's allegoric form.  
 Beauty and Majesty's resplendent pride  
 Her awful face enoble, and adorn.  
 Esteem, Love, Awe our wond'ring minds divide.  
 Our Looks were rev'rent mix'd with Raptures' gaze,  
 Our bosoms glow'd with Joy, our voices murmur'd Praise.

## XI.

Cherubic Forms on either side were seen  
 Waving their orient wings in ambient air,  
 Methought Obedience with submissive mien,  
 And mild Beneficence attended there;  
 Amid th' ethereal Guests I cou'd descry  
 Repentance, pointing to the Realms of Light,  
 With clasped hands, and with uplifted eye;  
 Attendants these on that fair Image bright,  
 Who graceful rose, and thus in accents bland  
 While silence hush'd the air, address'd th' assembled Band.

\* ————— His dewy Locks  
 Distill'd Ambrosia.

MILTON, Par. Lost, B. 5th.



## XII.

Her Voice was soft, as minds poetic feign,  
The melting harmony of rolling Spheres,  
Yet clear and full, as when the martial Strain  
Of clang'rous Trumpet wakes the Village fears.  
Like spreading Light that in her Presence blaz'd,  
The temper'd sounds dilating fill'd the air.  
“ One hand in act to speak she gently rais'd,”  
And in the other grasp'd a Scroll she bare,  
Whose ample superscription we might trace  
“ The Book of Life is this, and Joy to Human Race.”

## XIII.

“ Mortals,” she said, “ my warning voice attend,  
If present Bliss, or future Life be dear :  
From yon empyreal Mansions I descend,  
'Tis Faith who comes your anxious doubts to clear.  
From my exhaustless fund Religion draws  
Each solid blessing and each comfort pure ;  
I teach her Doctrines, I enforce her Laws,  
I bid her mighty Fabric stand secure,  
From Earth to Heav'n I point the path alone, [Throne.  
“ By Faith the Just shall live,” Faith guards th' eternal  
“ My



## XIV.

" My hallow'd Province gives me to unfold  
 Myſterious Truths conceal'd from Human Eye,  
 Mortals through me that ſov'reign Grace behold,  
 Which deign'd on Earth to ſuffer and to die,  
 Trace their Redemption in a Saviour's blood,  
 And hail the Life eternal in the Grave.  
 Nor leſs I teach the Leſſon to be good  
 And ſhew how Virtue muſt combine to ſave,  
 I give the Tears of Sympathy to flow,  
 While Mercy learns to ſooth, and Charity to glow.

## XV.

" Nor deem that in the baſe extorted Zeal  
 Of trembling Proſelytes, I take delight,  
 'Tis not in Faith the rack or chain to deal,  
 Or rob the mind of one imparted right.  
 Free as the ſtream, that guſhing from its ſource,  
 Pours deep and clear its current o'er the glade,  
 The Human Mind; and though I point its courſe,  
 With Reaſon, Conſcience, Juſtice, Truth to aid,  
 Here ends Controul; nor mine the tyrant Pow'r, [Hour.  
 Which ſhakes the iron Scourge, and rules the tort'ring\*

" With

\* ————— When the Scourge  
 Inexorably and the torturing Hour  
 Calls us to Penance.



## XVI.

“ With awe my Heav’n-descended Gifts survey,  
And Pow’r these pond’rous Elements to wield.  
Who bade yon Orb his flaming passage stay  
Suspense o’er Ajalon’s devoted Field?  
Who from their wide and deep cemented base  
The rugged mass of mountain Earth can heave?  
Who bade the world of Waters change its place,  
And in its Depths embattled Hosts receive,  
Or saw the blushing bloom of Youth expire,  
And call’d on heav’nly Aid, and lit th’ extinguish’d fire?

## XVII.

“ Amid the Storms of Life who deigns to wait  
With adamantine shield to guard the Just,  
With watchful eye who marks the track of Fate,  
And wakes and warns the delegated Trust?  
Mine is the Charge, and mine the solemn Part —  
I seek the desert gloom of human Night,  
In Life’s last Hours I cheer the drooping heart,  
And pour the fainted Vision’s precious light;  
Barriers of Worlds their awful secrets yield,  
Th’ eternal Gates wide ope, and Heav’n itself’s reveal’d.

B

“ Nor



## XVIII.

“ Nor hold the deep Tartarean Gulphs below  
Where restless Vengeance wakes the penal Fire,  
Aught that to Christian eyes I shun to show.  
By me the dreary scene, and spectre dire  
Flash on the Sinner’s view their livid gleam.  
Who points the punishment explains th’ offence:  
I blazon bright Conviction’s steady beam,  
I edge the keenness of awaken’d sense,  
To Reason’s aid this sacred scroll display,  
And point the law Divine, and Duty’s binding sway.

## XIX.

“ Mortals attend! on pow’rs like these rely,  
Nor prone to Earth etherial vigour bend,  
Taught by my Guidance, claim yon kindred Sky  
Superior Natures! Know your proper end —  
View well this boasted Life, its essence trace;  
Compare with future worlds and scenes sublime;  
’Tis but an atom pois’d with boundless space,  
A moment balanc’d with eternal Time,  
A fleeting particle of vagrant light  
With yon effulgent Sun, for human ken too bright.

“ Be



## XX.

“ Be wise — be just. Compose that clam’rous strain,  
Which bursts incessant on th’ indignant ear.  
Shall Man repine that Heav’n-permitted pain  
Absolves its stated round of Duty here?  
Man warm’d by Hope demand on earth the Joys,  
Which high immortal Sp’rits alone can taste,  
Presume for HIM yon tributary Skies  
On Earth the boon of purest bliss shall waste,  
Seraphic splendors pour on mortal Gaze,  
And long hierarchal Pomp and glory’s peerless Blaze?

## XXI.

“ With Lips profane celestial cups to press,  
To feast the dazzled eye with Heav’nly sight,  
To wrap the senses in supreme excess —  
Your Lot forbids, and diff’rent Fates invite.  
To act — to suffer — each his part assign’d,  
With zeal — with confidence — such Duty’s call.  
To Life obedient, and to Death resign’d  
The bright reward, in yon empyreal Hall,  
The God of Truth has promis’d, and by me,  
Renews the solemn Pact, and binds his just Decree.

“ Then



## XXII.

“ Then tread th’ appointed Path in Life’s career,  
Safe in the hands of Heav’n’s all-seeing Pow’r;  
My Presence still your active toils shall cheer,  
And bless your morning Dawn, and evening Hour.  
Reason with me th’ aspiring thought shall guide,  
And sacred Truth her gifts divine impart,  
Exalted Charity shall here preside  
And sway to gen’rous deeds the melting Heart,  
With mystic pow’rs descending Grace controul,  
Hope point th’ eternal bliss, and Rapture lift the Soul.”

## XXIII.

She spake, and rising in the space serene,  
Yet fondly ling’ring from our sight withdrew;  
Declining splendors faintly ting’d the scene,  
Like setting radiance of the evening View.  
Elisha thus beheld the hoary Seer,  
As in his sun-bright car aloft he rode,  
Saw his proud steeds their radiant passage steer,  
And trac’d the golden Axle while it glow’d;  
Then hail’d with grateful praise by Jordan’s wave  
The flowing Vest he left, the mighty pow’rs he gave.

Nor



## XXIV.

Nor wanted Gratitude her vot'ries here,  
Nor voice of Pray'r, nor song of rapt'rous Praise,  
To sooth with sweetest sound the pious ear,  
And mild Devotion's gen'rous flame to raise.  
Methought on Earth 'twas Heav'n's commencing reign,  
The glorious Dawn of beatifick Day,  
So richly flow'd the full seraphic strain  
Such Numbers join'd the loud symphonious lay,  
While Exultation spreads her glitt'ring wing,  
And Earth and conscious Skies with hallow'd Pæans ring.

## XXV.

On then we pass'd. From ev'ry face Content  
Beam'd cheeriest smiles: his broad meridian ray  
The cloudless orb of Heav'n refulgent sent.  
Flow'rs, Groves, and Fountains sprung to cheer our way.  
Soft whisp'ring gales their show'ry fragrance flung.  
All Nature smil'd. With sympathizing heart  
Long o'er the scene of gen'ral bliss I hung;  
At length from Fancy's magic trance I start,  
But not forgot the Vision's awful pow'r,  
Nor lost the Lesson bland, nor unimprov'd the Hour.





XXIV.

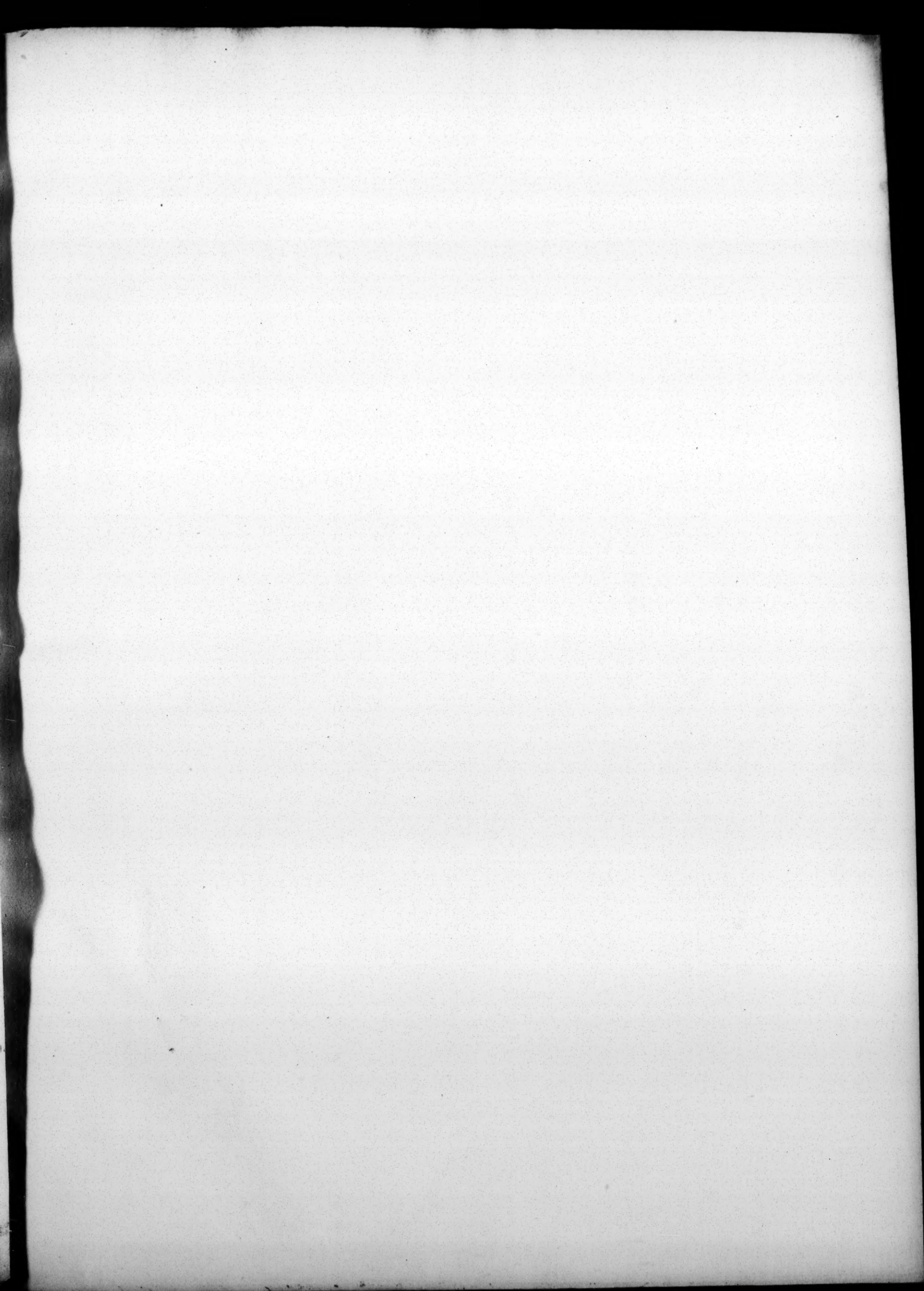
Not wanted Gratitude her voices here,  
 Not voice of Pity, not song of rapturous praise,  
 To look with sweetest found the pious ear,  
 And mild Devotion's gentle frame to raise.  
 Methought on earth was Henry's commanding reign,  
 The glorious Dawn of beauteous Day,  
 So richly flow'd the full terrific strain,  
 Such Numbers join'd the loud symphonious lay,  
 While Exultation spreads her glittering wing,  
 And Earth and conscious Skies with hallow'd Praises ring.

XXV.

On then we pass'd, From every face Content  
 Beam'd cheerful smiles; and merriment  
 The cloudlets orb of Heaven's light sent  
 Flow'rs, Groves, and Fountains spring to cheer our way.  
 Soft whispering gales their flow'ry fragrance bring,  
 All Nature smiles. With sympathizing hearts  
 Long o'er the scene of general bliss I linger;  
 At length from Fancy's magic wand I rise,  
 But not forget the Vision's awful power,  
 Nor lose the Lesson bland, nor unimprov'd the hour.









161. p. 19